NEW BOOKS.

The Lay of the Levelorn Kamal.

n search of matters more sedate.

songs they sang, and what a high old time

they must have had! Moonlight and pale

roses heavy with the evening dew; foun-

ains softly plashing and the bulbul singing

to the gul, while everywhere are lovers

whispering in shaded bowers and the air

s heavy with odors of musk, of attar and

of ambergris. Theirs was a world wherein

man made a mock of time, gave up the

golden hours of the night to laughter, love

and wine and song, and let the morrow

and the morning's headache take its chance.

A world above whose portals might have

If dawn will break, well, let the damned thing

And now, of all their songs and all their

love and laughter there remain but a few

faded parchments ticketed and tucked away

in the cabinets of university libraries or

national museums or among the collections

of some Oriental potentate or modern mil-

imitators, and by a happy chance we find

had many loves, and from the little we know

of him we may well believe that he was one

men, dressed himself in rags and became a

blood an epitaph that shows he had a sense

'In what strange ways God doth man's love

The verses here translated deal with the

sadness and the passion of an unrequited

love-a piteous and a perennial theme.

The poet had evidently set his young but

experienced affections upon one of the

fickle ladies of the old profession, and she

treated him in the old, time honored way.

But fair and softly. Let Doctor Gray pre-

sent the lady in his introductory remarks:

"Kamal's beloved was of the daughters

of joy, twining her hair, like Lilith, about

the hearts of men. Before the hierodula

of Astarte the poets and the artists of all

ages have made themselves an offering.

Leebia, Cynthia, Delia, Corinna, did they

not inspire the noblest poems of love that

Latin verse has ever known? Was it not

Phryne who was the glory of Praxiteles,

Aspasia who cast her glamour over the age

tribari, and China the tragic love-legend

god and the Bayadere! So was it with

Kamal. He, too, loved one who, perchance like Rabab in Jericho of old, 'dwelt upon the

wall.' There her gaze might wander over the fair city of Isfahan, and from her window

she might behold him fallen at her gate.

of Sai Thao. Everywhere and ever

of Pericles? India knows the tale of Bhar-

Be patient. O my soul: now shalt thou learn

But the Mongols came and mur-

Ours is the night and this resolve we make.

hung the old inscription:

(Charles Scribner's Sons.)

break!"

lionaire

of humor:

reward."

His Aim to Urge the Importance of Improving the Cotton Supply-Southern Farmer the Only Man Who Can Do It Says Better Cotton Gin Is Needed.

"I shall rise again," said D.4J. Sully to a SUN reporter who called on him, and mechanically he glanced at a beonze bust of Napoleon standing upon his mantel. "I don't think that I'm anywhere near Napoleon," he said smiling; "don't suppose that I do. But I always have had a great admiration for that man, and in my library I have almost everything of importance

Mr. Sully is keeping bachelor hall now while Mrs. Sully is away in Providence visiting her people. Curling up in his

chair he went on to say: Three years ago I made up my mind in looking over the condition of the cotton industry in America that there was bound to be a cotton famine. A year ago I was even more convinced of that fact.

"Fortunately, or unfortunately for me I came to be looked upon as a gambler, and when cotton began to bull I began to receive letters from England where manufacturers preached to the mill operatives about the baneful influence of my gambling; and they wrote me that I was depriving their poor families of bread.

"Since my so-called reverses-mind, don't call them reverses-people say, 'Well, what of his fear of a cotton famine? Since he's out of the market there seems to be no more cotton than there was before.' Well. whatever the results, this means success to me. I brought the world face to face with its great danger: namely, the impend-

ing famine in cotton."
"Do you realize," went on Mr. Sully "that the morality of the world is really based on cotton? Every specialist acquires the habit of thinking that the world depends on his specialty.

"Isn't morality based on clothes? And a large majority of people depend almost entirely on cotton for their clothing. This may seem bizarre, but don't you think it's true?"

The reporter thought of "Sertor Resertus, and acquiesced. "If there were a lack of wheat in the United States we could easily import wheat from some other country; but for cotton America

well as the rest of the world depends entirely upon America. Besides, think how much the alleviation of pain depends upon cotton. In fact, whichever way you turn, cotton is indispensable."

"Well," said the reporter, "if you foresaw this great cotton famine, what did you intend to do about it?"

"I wanted the world, and particularly the South, to improve the conditions in raising and producing cotton. They looked upon me as a gambler, it is true, but nevertheless I wanted to impress them with the necessity of those improvements.

"Why, look at this item," said Mr. Sully, taking up a newspaper and reading from "A congress of cotton men at Zurich, Switzerland, passed resolutions to increase cotton production by all means possible and to improve the methods of the production of that staple. They want to increase the supply of cotton, in short.

"That supply can be increased only in one place, and that is in the southern part

one place, and that is in the southern part of the United States. There is some cotton grown elsewhere, of course, as in Egypt, for instance; but that fraction of the general output is almost infinitesimal.

"My aim was to impress upon the Southern farmer that he's the man that can improve the product by improving and selecting the seed. I can't do it, but every farmer can; and it is the duty of the Government, I believe, to raise money to give the farmer better seeds. The boll weevil is certainly a detriment, but the root of the evil lies in the deterieration of the seed."

"I am told, Mr. Sully," put in the reporter, "that every cotton raising farmer down South is blessing you for what you have done for him in bulling cotton."

"Yes," replied Mr. Sully, with a smile.
"I hear they are. You see, this is the first "I hear they are. You see, this is the first year that they have realized anything on cotton since the war. They never had a dollar on their cotton output before. But this year they managed to pay off the old mortgages on their farms and to have pretty comfortable balances left over besides.

"Now that not only benefits the farmers that the facult. But it obviously hereafts all

in the South, but it obviously benefits all America. For though Europe got a good deal of our cotton, there is the gold that came over in exchange for it to this side.

Still, I think it would have been better
if we had had the cotton instead of the
gold. Now Germany and Russia have

gold. Now Germany and Russia have that cotton."

"Is it true, Mr. Sully." asked the reporter, "that the Southern farmers offered to raise a million dollars as a present to you for what you have done for them and to assist your future work?"

"Yes, that is true," said Mr. Sully. "I have received a number of letters touching upon that point. I have not as yet decided what action I shall take with regard to it.

"Any future work I shall do in cotton will

what action i shall take with regard to it.

"Any future work I shall do in cotton will benefit all America as well as the farmers. You see, I know the cotton business pretty well, through and through. I've been at

eighteen years.
"I have studied the business from the pint of view of the farmers, the mills and ha commercial standpoint. With every the commercial standpoint. With every branch of the industry it has always been my aim to become thoroughly familiar."

"What then do you propose to do in the immediate future, Mr. Sully?"

"All that I can to improve the conditions of raising the staple. What the cotton world needs to-day is to work more upon

"You see, there is a terrific lot of wastage at the present time; between the farmer

d the spinner the wastage is now about per cent. Now, that is enormous for a is per cent. Now, that is enormous for a stanle that is so much on the decrease as

ection.

"I have a plan in mind of saving a great portion of that wastage by means of the roller gin. The present system, employing the Whitney gin is atrociously bad. The Whitney gin is 100 years old and quite "It is what is called a saw gin, and

tears the cotton and so reduces its tensile strength about 30 per cent. Now, if we work with a gin that doesn't do that, the benefit is at once obvious.

"The present gin is indeed an improvement on the old method of taking out the cotton with the fingers, but it is nevertheles out of date. The new gin, I believe, the one

that I have in mind—no, I didn't invent it— will do as much work in a much better way. I hope to do all I can to put it commercially

into practice."
"Will you ever be a cotton broker again?"
asked The Sun reporter.
"That I shall ever step into the ring again
is extremely doubtful, but that I shall

is extremely doubtful, but that I shall always be interested in the cotton business is true, beyond the shadow of a doubt."

"Won't you tell me a little more about the methods of improving the seeds, that you speak about?"

"Briefly I can say this," he answered.

"If they began at once to improve the seed it would take at least five years to remedy, its present ills, but in this case it is certainly better late than never.

"I am told that last year cotton mills "I am told that last year cotton mills were shut down for three months. This year they were closed for four months. Next year they will probably be closed for five months. No one can tell what

for five months. No one can tell what may happen after that.
"Don't you see, then, how important it is that action should be taken immediately to improve conditions? The cotton industry is so essential that if that is shut down the happen will encroach upon almost every other industry." down the navec will be every other industry."
"Now that we are speaking, Mr. Sully,"
said the reporter, "tell me why it is that you smilled to give the indebtedness to the

members of the Cotton Exchange in the schedules you filed the other day in bank-ruptcy, and called their accounts not liquidated."

At this the ex-Cotton King's face grew

At this the ex-Cotton King's face grew more serious.

"I can prove," he said, "beyond all skadow of a doubt, that the notice of my suspension was in the hands of Supt. King of the Cotton Exchange before 2 o clock, and he ought to have read it before 2 o'clock. By reading it after 2 o'clock I was saddled with an indebtedness of \$1.660.000.

"Then I offered to settle with them 40 per cent. on Saturday's prices and 60 per cent in notes. And mind you, 40 per cent. on Saturday's prices was equal to over 100 per cent. on Friday's prices. But they refused. With the exception of one man all the Cotton Exchange people voted against settling with me or having anything to do with me.

"Why, on one of these Cotton Exchange accounts alone I am out \$177,000. The action of the Cotton Exchange stuck me \$300,000 on my spot cotton and \$600,000 on customers' accounts—customers who would

customers' accounts—customers who would have paid me overy cent, but who will probably pay the receivers nothing."

"Do you intend to bring suit against the Cotton Exchange then, Mr. Sully?"

"I certainly intend to stand by all the rights that I have. I can tell you this: I have absolutely no reason to worry on the outcome of that matter. Why, I can demand a jury trial on every one of these Cotton Exchange accounts."

Cotton Exchange accounts."

At this point Mr. Sully again glanced at the bust of the Little Corporal.

"Do you know," he said, "that one day shortly before my assignment a bank president spoke to me about Napoleon's retreat from Moscow, and by the line of his advice was flattering enough to comhis advice was flattering enough to compare me to that great man. Now I know that I'm a pigmy compared with him; and yet, is it not remarkable how things come

Then Mr. Sully called his valet, changed his coat, and walked down to meet his part-ner, Mr. Fagan, at the Waldorf for a little conference, a habit which he acquir the days when he was king of cotton.

WOULD MEND LIBERTY BELL

Dr. Sternbach Says Its Tone Can Be Re stored-To Ask Congress About It.

LACROSSE, Wis., May 30.-Dr. J. Steinbach of Winona proposes to mend the crack in the Liberty bell, so that it will give forth sound as it did in the old times. suggestion is made in all seriousness and he is preparing to bring it to the attention of Congress.

Mr. Steinbach insists that the bell can be mended to sound as perfectly as before it was cracked, and with the same tone. He says he makes his assertion on the authority of Herman Julius Mever of Leipsic, an expert mineralogist, who has seen the process successfully undertaken with a number of bells in Germany.

OIL PRICE WAR IN ENGLAND. Companies Now Selling the Russian Produc Below Cost.

Special Cable Despatch to THE SUR. LONDON, May 31.-The newspapers here are making a feature of the struggle of the oil companies to secure British custom. They say that the competition between the Consolidated Petroleum Company and the Caucasian Petroleum Export Company has

been going on for some time. Prices have been steadily cut, compelling he Anglo-American Oil Company, supported by the Standard Oil Company, to enter the fight and reduce the price of Russian oil to five cents a gallon, a decrease of two cents. This makes the selling price less than cost.

The fight is not expected to affect American oil, in which the Anglo-American company practically has a monopoly.

GRAND DUKE DEAD.

wealthiest of the German sovereigns, as more than one-half of the Grand Duchy, which comprises 1,131 square miles, wa his private property, as it will be that of his successor. Its population is about

When the Grand Duke celebrated his jubilee last year he made a present of six cents to each of his subjects.

W. W. ASTOR PRESENTED AT COURT Several Other Americans Also at King Edward's Levee.

Special Cable Despatch to THE SUN LONDON, May 30 .- Several Americans were presented to the King at his Majesty's levee by the Spanish Ambassador in the absence of Ambassador Choate. The duty apparently fell to the Spanish representative as dean of the Diplomatic Corps. Those presented were F. Batcheller, A. Fuller, C. V. Hopkins, W. B. Parson and George Vanderbilt. Lord Pelham Clinton presented William Waldorf Astor.

The King gave a private audience to Capt. Mahan, U. S. N., after the levee.

ANOTHER DREYFUS SCANDAL. French Officer's Accounts Short-Money Used to Suborn Witnesses.

Special Cable Despatch to THE SUN. Paris, May 30 .- An officer of the name of D'Autriche, attached to the accountant's department of the War Office, from whose accounts, it is stated, 25,000 francs are missing, is imprisoned at Mont Valerion awaiting trial by court-martial.

The newspapers report that the money was used by the staff to suborn witnesses who testified against Capt. Dreyfus at the Rennes trial. Other arrests are impending.

AMERICAN LINE CUTS RATE. Meets German Price of \$10 for Steerage Passage to This Country.

Special Cable Despatches to THE SUN SOUTHAMPTON, May 30 .- Beginning on June 4, with the Philadelphia, the American line will charge £2 for a steerage passage. The officials of the line state that they are The officials of the line state that they are obliged to follow the example of the German lines, but they hope the cutting of rates will not last long.

LIVERPOOL, May 30.—No cutting of rates has yet been announced by Liverpool steamship lines. The Cunard company is so for uneffected.

Panama Hasn't Settled Monetary Question. Special Cable Despatch to THE SUN.

PANAMA, May 30 .- The convention closed te session to-day. The President will immediately convene the legislative body special session to attend to important matters, including the monetary question. Missouri Republicans May Indorse Folk

for Governor. KANSAS CITY, Mo., May 30 .- Li recent con ditions are not changed before the last week in July, the most interesting question the Republican convention will have to deal with will be whether or not it will put Mr. Folk on the ticket by indorsing him and his policies and make the fight for the rest of

Not long ago, when Mr. Folk was in southeast Missouri, B. B. Cahoon, the recognized leader of the Republicans in that part of the State, had an interview with him. It is common talk among the Republicans part of the State, had an interview with him. It is common talk among the Republicans in Mr. Cahoon's part of the State that at the convention he will make a fight to put Folk's name on the Republican ticket.

FOUNDLING'S GOOD FORTUNE.

GOES FROM A DOORSTEP INTO A COMFORTABLE HOME.

Hirl Baby Abandoned in Nutley Will Be Adopted by a Cousin of Paster of the "Little Church Around the Corner" Is to Be Heir to Spreading FamilyTree

NUTLEY, N. J., May 30 .- From a nameess foundling abandoned on a doorstep, to the most important personage in a well-todo family which has a genealogical tree big enough and to spare to shelter one more, by adoption, is the transition that has been made in the last four days by Frances Houghton Keith; and she isn't two weeks old yet. Mrs. Keith doesn't think that Frances can be more than 8 days old. The maid thinks that she is a least 12 days old, but which is right will probably never be known-and it doesn't make much difference, for so far as care and comfort are concerned, Frances was born on last Friday morning, when she was found wrapped in an old blanket on Miss Mary Fenton's porch, next to the Episcopal church. That was May 27 and hat day will be celebrated hereafter as the anniversary of Frances Houghton Keith's birthday.

The child's new parents are Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Keith of Nutley. Mr. Keith is a cousin of the Rev. Dr. George Houghton, of the Little Church Around the Corner in New York, which accounts for the waif's middle name. Dr. Houghton will christen the baby when the time comes. The Keiths have been married for 20 years. but they were childless until the bundle which had been found on a neighbor's doorstep was transferred to them. So he waif was wanted, and, as Mrs. Keith put it yesterday, the baby was abandoned where it was providentially. The formalities of legally adopting the baby will be attended to to-day.

Mr. Keith is a silk importer at 346 Broadway, New York.

As to the identity of the child's blood-As to the identity of the child's blood-parents there is nothing but guesswork and some vague, unsubstantiated rumors about an automobile going through Nutley about 6 o'clock last Friday morning. As the story grew it said that the automobile stopped for a minute in front of Miss Fenton's house, and gave particulars as to the color of the automobile and something about the occupants, but nobody has been found who actually saw that automobile, found who actually saw that automobile, and there is just as much reason for believing that the mother or whoever left the baby came in a trolley car or walked.

The milkman was the first person to discover the foundling. He called Miss Fenton's maid, and soon afterward the exclusive Colonial house and bungalow section of Nutley was in a state of excitement. All the neighbors called and there was a reception in honor of the foundling. The Keitha called oftener than anybody else, and between calls they talked the

The Keiths called oftener than anybody else, and between calls they talked the matter over between themselves. The more they saw of the baby the more they wanted her, and by Friday evening they came to the enthusiastic conclusion that after waiting twenty vears the time had arrived for them to have a little Keith in the house. Miss Fenton was willing, of course, so the transfer was made.

Frances weighs 12 pounds and has big dark blue eyes. Mrs. Keith calls them violet eyes, and Mr. Keith agrees with her. The hair, all the neighbors say, is going to be a golden brown.

When she was found Frances had on a

to be a golden brown.

When she was found Frances had on a cheap cotton night gown and a flannel skirt and was wrapped in an old blanket. There were no marks on any of the cloth-

ing, but everything was spotlessly clean and the child's body showed that it had had the best of care. Mr. Kelth came home from busi-Friedrich Wilhelm of Mecklenberg Streitz

Was 85 Years Old.

Special Cable Despatch to The Sun.

Berlin, May 30.—Friedrich Wilhelm,
Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Streitz, is dead.

The Grand Duke FriedrichtWilhelm was born on Oct. 17, 1819, and succeeded to the throne in 1860. He was one of the wealthiest of the German sovereigns, as

And Help Him Keep His Silver Wedding

Day, Mrs. Hopper Assisting.

Isaac A. Hopper, for five years Tammany

eader of the Thirty-first Assembly district

and president of the Harlem Democratic

Club, formally retired from both offices

last night at a dinner given to him at the

Harlem Casino. It was Mr. Hopper's

birthday and the twenty-fifth anniversary

of his marriage, and Mrs. Hopper and her

friends had a dinner of their own in honor

of the occasion in another part of the build-

ing. They filed into the balcony of the big

dining hall in time to hear ex-Postmaster

Dayton say nice things about Mr. Hopper

as he presented to him in behalf of the club

HURT IN TALLY-HO UPSET.

New York Guests of Edward Willis in an

Accident in New Haven.

NEW HAVEN, May 30 .- As a four horse

aboard, the guests of Edward Willis of New

Y. M. C. A., started across the Ferry street

bridge in this city this morning two freight

The racket and the steam coming through

the cracks in the bridge frightened the

horses, who started to back before the driver

could control them, and in a second the

coach was overturned with the seventeen

under it. Eleven women were all more or less injured, one of them suffering severely from a badly sprained ankle and all being

Mr. Willis's knee was sprained and it

is feared he is injured internally. The other man escaped with slight scratches and bruises. Fifteen of the party were from the Grace Methodist Episcopal Church in New York and were here on a sight-

FOR \$2,250,000 PENALTIES.

Case of the State of Texas Against Of

Companies for Violation of Law.

Austin, Tex., May 30.-The case of the

State of Texas against the J. M. Guffey

Petroleum Company and the Beaumont

Confederated Oil and Pipe Line companies

both of Beaumont, for penalties aggregat-

ing \$2,250,000 for alleged violation of the

Anti-Trust law, went to trial in the distric

court here to-day. It is alleged in the

plaintiff's petition that the Guffey company

acquired the holdings of the Beaumont

Confederated for the purpose of limiting the

production of the latter company and of other acts in restraint of tracis.

Col. J. M. Guffey, the well known Democratic leader of Pennsylvania, is at the head of the Guffey company. The case is being tried before a jury, the most of whom are farmers. Testimony was offered by

are farmers. Testimony was offered by the State showing that the holdings of the Beaumont Confederated were acquired by the Guffey company and that some of the officers of the two companies were

eeing tour.__

engines below began to let off steam.

while from the casement floated her laughter's mockery. She seems to have had no time for the poet, though his eloquence might That pup couldn't have had a more unhave moved her to compassion. My love for thee, O thou, the world's desire THEY CELEBRATE HOPPER

Doth fill with anguish sweet my longing soul; About my broken heart thy tresses roll, And bind it whole again with bands of fire." And again: In hopeless longing all men to thy door

Draw nigh, then turn away with anguished hearts— Yet love thee still! Oh, strange thy subtle arts, That keep them all thy slaves forever more." But she was obdurate, and the door was ocked. She may have been busy, or perhaps it was the wardman's day to call. At that very moment she may have been counting out the weekly tribute money to the genial guardian of the morals of the tenderloin of Isfahan. Or-well, there are so many reasons why the presence of a love-lorn poet may have been nconvenient. So he was fain to stay out-

eration of the loved one's charms. The lurking dimple that divides thy chin

side and console himself with the enum-

as he presented to him in behalf of the club a silver service of 321 pieces that cost \$1.850. Mayor McClellan, Charles F. Murphy, Deputy Police Commissioner McAvoy and ex-Senator Charles A. Towne sent letters of regret. Mr. Murphy's letter, toastmaster Peter Hendick said, showed conclusively that Mr. Hopper was the real thing in Fourteenth street. He said he hoped some day to see the Superintendent of the Building Bureau occupy the Mayor's chair. And now, alas! My heart bath fallen in! There are one hundred quatrains altogether, mostly melancholy. Our extracts show the graceful quality and the music of Mrs. Mumford's rendering. We feel grateful to her for having, for good measure, added a one hundred and first stanza, that shows the poet in more satisactory mood. This is labelled: "Love's Fulfilment," and it runs:

> Last night the well-beloved came to me Ate of my bread and drank my crimson wine: L ast night, last night, the heart's desire was mine-Last night I gave Love hospitality! And so we leave the good old dromedary

tally-ho with seventeen New Yorkers York, international secretary of the evidently feeling better than he did. MANIAC SCARES PASSENGERS.

Francis E. Parks Drives 'Em From a Sleeping Car Early in the Morning.

BOSTON, May 30 .- Francis E. Parks of Winchester became a raving maniac in a sleeping car of the Boston and Albany Railroad at West Brookfield early yesterday morning. He broke about everything of any value in the car. Passengers were forced to flee, and the porter, who was the last to leave the car, had a water tank

the last to leave the car, had a water tank thrown at him by the insane man.
Word was telephoned to Worcester from West Brookfield that a lunatic was in the car and officers were sent to the station. The policemen handcuffed Parks and he was placed in the McLean Asylum.
Parks is said to have made a lot of money recently through an invention, and the strain overcame his brain. Last Wednesday he went to New York and bought 500 jackknives, which he gave to boys for showing him the town. ing him the town.

BURIED IN SNOW IN ALASKA. Caught in a Blizzard, a Scattle Man Gives Up and Begs His Companion to Bury Him. VANCOUVER, B. C., May 30 .-- Mr. Williams Vancouver, returned from western Alaska, says that F. Stevens of Seattle and a companion were caught in a terrific

and a companion were caught in a terrific snowstorm on Yakataki Beach, Alaska. After wandering for hours Stevens refused to go further. He begged his companion to bury him in snow so that he could die in comfort.

Williams revived the dying man several times, but finally gave up the hopeless task, Stevens all the time begging to be buried so as to escape the biting cold blasts. At last, in despair, Williams granted Stevens's request. He covered Stevens with snow to a depth of several feet and left him to die. A week later friends found the body frozen stiff.

RIOTOYER BELLE OF COONTOW!

Kamal was the son of Jamal. He also THREE SENT TO HOSPITAL, SEVEN hore the names of Ad-Din Ismail of Isfa-LOCKED UP IN BRONX.

han. Some six or seven centuries ago he sang of love and wine and glorious women and all sorts of jolly things of that kind Fifteen Hundred Angry Negroes Parade the Streets and Hurl Bricks at Police —All Because Ametta Jones Did as he sat in the shady groves of far off Isfahan, and his verses have ever since been

left to lie neglected among the musty manu-Not Go to Piente-Conductor Mauled. scripts of museums and places peopled Several fights among negroes living in principally by spectacled old gentlemen he neighborhood between 136th and 138th streets and Ryder and Third avenues kept Ah, those old Persian poets, with their the police of the Alexander avenue station Rubaiyyat and Kassidas, their ghazals and busy last night. Three persons were sent their ghazoos and all the other forms of to the hospital and seven arrests were made. gurgling verbal oriental melody! What

At one time the police had a good sized riot on their hands. The row started, the police said, as result of jealousy between a number of negroes for the attentions of one girl. Annetta Jones of 464 East 136th street is the girl. She is 18 years old and is known as the "balle of Coontown."

There was a negro picnic in The Bronz yesterday, and the gay youths of the negro colony were all anxious to take Annetta as their best girl. The belle was so much disturbed at the number of invitations she got that she was either unable to pick out the most desirable man to go with, or else she didn't want to offend the rest by picking out one as her "company." At any rate, she announced that she wouldn't go to the picnic.

go to the picnic.

When a number of the negroes returns when a number of the neglect retained from the picnic last night, the fighting began. John Paine of 504 West 125th street was the first man laid out, with a bullethole in the cheek. John Smith of 466 East 136th street was arrested for shooting him. Paine, after being shot, ran into a lumber yard and from there he was taken to the Lirochn Hospital.

FitzGerald made old Omar known and to the Lincoln Hospital.

Then Chester Hargrave of 473 East 136th street was hit on the head with a blackjack.
Two colored men were arrested for assaultoved and has thus shown the way to many some quatrains now first presented to ing him. Hargrave went to the hospital, and he was soon followed by Stella Hall, 20 years old, of 427 East 136th street. Some one threw her downstairs, and when she Occidental readers under the title of "The Hundred Love Songs of Kamal Ad-Din of Isfahan, now first translated from the Persian by Louis H. Gray and done into English verse by Ethel Watts Mumford"

one threw her downstairs, and when she was picked up it was found that she had a fractured skull.

While all this was going on there was great excitement in the neighborhood. About 1,500 negroes paraded the streets and there were many impromptu scraps, which did not result seriously enough for Kamal sang many songs and presumably which did not result seriously enough for the attention of the police or an ambulance surgeon. Finally Capt. Geoghegan of the Alexander avenue station turned out the of the boys in his earlier years. But the lady of his latest love proved false, and so in middle life he sought the society of holy reserves, in the hope that a number of policemen would quiet the turbulent crowd.

The negroes didn't take kindly to the The negrees dight take kindly to the presence of the policemen. Sergt. Farr was hit on the head with a brick, but aside from getting a scalp wound and being stunned he wasn't badly hurt. Capt. Geoghegan just got out of the way in time to miss almost a cartload of bricks that were dumped from the roof of a house in leach street. dered him, and the legend goes that at the moment of his death he wrote in his own

on after the arrival of the police, a Soon after the arrival of the police, a Third avenue car carrying about forty negroes stopped at 138th street. Almost everybody in the car was fighting Abraham Cohen, the conductor. Cohen was on the Cohen, the conductor. Cohen was on the floor, being jumped upon, when the police rescued him. He picked out two men as being the first to assault him, and they were arrested. At midnight there was a small scrap every now and then, but the police said they didn't think anything more serious would happen.

SONG WRITER RICH ARRESTED. Admits That He Sold Miss Jacobs's Dia-

mond Ring in a Pawnshop. David Rich, a writer of songs, was arrested ast night at his residence, 108 Morningside avenue, by Detective Edward F. McAvov. and looked up in the West 125th street station on the complaint of Miss Emma Jacobs of 440 St. Nicholas avenue, who

Jacobs of 440 St. Nicholas avenue, who says that Rich took a diamond ring of hers and sold it.

Rich had called on the young woman several times at her home, and while there on the evening of March 19 last he saw a diamond ring on her finger which he admired very much. She says Rich asked her to let him try the ring on, put it on and said that it fitted so tightly that he could not get it off. He told her that he would go to a jeweller and have it cut off. Miss Jacobs waited for several weeks and then went to the police. went to the police.

Rich told Sergt. Wolf that he had sold

the ring for \$8 to a jeweller named Tisch at Eighth avenue and 121st street. He realized that the fix he had gotten himself into would bring disgrace upon himself and his

family.

His latest song is "Luella." Rich said that he must have been crazy when he took the ring and sold it. He lives with his sister in nicely furnished apartments.

RAN AWAY FROM DRIVER.

Boy on Bike Falls, Car Off Track Smashes Lamps.

Asa Brown, 15 years old, of 9 Douglass street, Brooklyn, was coming down First avenue last night on a bicycle when he slipped and fell in front of a horse car that was turning from Twenty-eighth street. Michael Coproy, the driver of the horse car, in order to prevent running down the boy, turned his horses sharply to the right and the car was pulled off the track. Conroy stepped from the car to arrange to get i back. As he did so the horses started to

run.

There were Kalf a dozen passengers in There were half a dozen passengers in the car. From Twenty-ninth street, a steep hill slopes down to Thirty-fourth. By the time the horses reached the foot of the hill they were going at full speed. At the southeast corner of Thirty-fourth street they ran up on the sidewalk, pulling the car after them. Two lamps in front of Farrelly's saloon were smashed and knocked over. This seemed to frighten the horses all the more and they continued up First avenue to Thirty-eighth street, where they avenue to Thirty-eighth street, where they were stopped.

ARMENIAN RESORT RAIDED. Man Tried to Jump Out of Window With Cards and Chips.

Capt. Gallagher of the East Twentysecond street station, with three detectives and all his reserves, raided an Armenian resort at 138 East Twenty-sixth street last night and arrested thirty-three persons. When the police entered, several men grabbed billiard cues and made a

show of resistance. Leon Tarsean picked up all the poker chips and cards and tried to jump out of the window, but was caught by Capt. Galla-gher. The ground floor of the place is a billiard and poolroom, but the police believe that poker and crap games have been run there by the alleged proprietor, Horanan Opauessian.

IT'S NOT ALWAYS KIDNAPPERS When an East Side Boy Disappears on a

Aaron Katzann, 6 years old, disappeared from his home at 205 Second avenue yesterday afternoon, and kidnapping tales were soon affoat. By the time they reached the police the kidnapper was described as a tall, dark man who, presumably to avoid attracting notice, wore a black mask. All the sleuths in the station were detailed on the case and the Detective Bureau and Police Headquarters sent three men. The boy came home at 9 o'clock last night, very wet and muddy. He had followed a parade.

Death of One of the Early Woman Doctors Dr. Anna E. Park died yesterday from neumonia at her residence, 367 West Twenty-third street. Mrs. Park was 72 years old. She was graduated from the Eclectic College, Philadelphia, in 1860,



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THEY DID IT ALL FOR DICK.

DEVOTED LINCOLN CLUB MEN SHOW VAN COTT DEVOTION.

Postmaster Took Them on a Picnic, Where They Ate Two Big Dinners and Drank Kegs of Foaming Amber Colored "Water." All Because They Love His Son.

The Lincoln Club, 1,200 strong, with ts leader, Postmaster Cornelius Van Cott and his son Richard, went on a picnic yesterday to Witzel's Point View Island, near College Point, and everybody concerned agreed that the picnic was one of the biggest things the Van Cotts ever did,

considering the odds against them. But the bar on board the Sam Sloan, which carried the party, was strictly temperanee, nothing sold there but ginger ale and things like that. Then there were no ladies taken along-a hardship the boys of the Fifth district seemed to feel even less than the other.

The boat started with the most of the club members from the foot of Barrow street, but the Postmaster and a large bunch of members were picked up at East Thirtysecond street. The band knew its business; it played "Way Down on the Suwanee River," the favorite song of the Postmaster, when he stepped aboard. There was a good deal of this same Suwanee during the rest of the day, for whenever Tom Gooderson, the Postmaster's private sec retary, declined to take to the band any further messages requesting them to play that tune the Postmaster threatened to sing it. That always made Tom Gooderson

yield.
When the Sam Sloan arrived at Witzell's When the Sam Sloan arrived at Witzell's a gun was fired. The men swarmed on the landing and made a charge, quite like that up Kettle Hill, except that there were no barbed wire fences to cut. Behind the trenches was breakfast.

"The boys of the Fifth always could absorb the goods," said the Postmaster affectionately, as they attacked and utterly routed the breakfast there were such games and field sports as the fat men's race and

and field sports as the fat men's race and a three-legged race, in which the Lincoln Club excels all competitors.

"Their success is due to their temperate habits," remarked the Postmaster. "No liquor to be had here. Regular Sunday achool class."
About the grounds were numerous kegs of water labelled "Ehret's Extra." It was amber colored and it foamed in the glasses. When the games and Ehret's extra water were finished, toward 6 o'clock, the men of

were missied, toward a o clock, the men of the Fifth stored away a six course dinner. "They do all this for Dick," said the Post-master, glancing affectionately at his son, for he disclaims all credit of running the Fifth. Many district leaders came to see the Van Cotts roll up a Republican majority in the Fifth year in and year out. Aqueduct Commissioner William Ten Eyck, Port Warden John Gunner, John Pegnan and many other Republican leaders were present They got back at 10 o'clock and marched to the club with cheers and red lights as

blithe as any Sunday school class. FLOODS CARRY AWAY BRIDGES. Three Ballroad Structures Are Demolished

by the Swollen Kaw River. KANSAS CITY, Mo., May 30 .- The Kaw River is causing floods, and three railroad bridges and two wagon bridges were carried out to-day. All were pile structures put over after the flood of last year, which carried out twenty-three steel structures This is the anniversary of the flood of a

year ago. Early this morning the great mass of wreckage which lodged against the Rock Island bridge after the destruction of the Kansas avenue wagon bridge last night began to force it out of line, and one-hal of the structure went out with a crash The mass of wreckage swept on down stream, passing under the steel bridges of the Stock Yards Company and of the Missouri Pacific, Union Pacific and elevated

It crashed into the pile bridge of the Kansas City Southern Railway, carrying fifty fee of it out and leaving the ties and track hanging above. The James street bridge was a double structure, used by street cars and wagons. It stopped the great flow and for thirty minutes held the mass of drift, which was upward of an acre in

Then it bent and gave way, the entire west span falling with a mighty splash into the water. For a moment this mass of wreckage held the great flow in check. Then all moved on under the flow-line and tore a hole in the pile bridge of the Chicago and Great Western Railway and passed out

into the Missouri.

None of the steel bridges crossing the
Kaw River has been damaged, and none
of them is likely to be. FARMER SHOOTS HIS WIFE.

Murderer Then Fires Two Shots Into His Own Body-Will Recover. WATERBURY, Conn., May 30 .- Angered because his wife had left his home, Sherman Beeman, a farmer, of Canaan, while intoxicated, walked into the house of Henry Ives in that town this afternoon and sho her dead. He then turned the revolver upon himself and fired two bullets into his

own body.

It is thought that Beeman will recover. He would not tell why he shot the woman. Sheriff Rhodes placed him under arrest. The Beemans were married four years ago and have one child. Mrs. Beeman was, the daughter of Frank Colby of Goshen, Beeman is the son of a farmer of West Cornwall. Cornwall.

Wealthy Farmer Commits Suicide. HANCOCK, N. Y., May 30 .- Fayette Littell and Ed Menhentett, while walking to this village from Caciozia this afternoon through a path in the woods, discovered the dead body of Green Burdiok, a well known and wealthy farmer of Franklin, about 65 years of age. In the hand of the dead man was clutched a revolver with which he had killed himself, probably on Saturday night least. Letters found on the body give Eclectic College, Philadelphia, in seleven years after Elizabeth Blackwell killed himself, probably on Saturday nigs secured a diploma at Geneva, N. Y. Mrs. last. Letters found on the body give park is survived by two sons and a family troubles over property as cause of the rash act.

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Want Kills Veteran's Daughter. Mrs. Elizabeth Hett, the daughter of a civil war veteran, died in the Lincoln Hospital vesterday from spinal meningitis, brought on, the physicians said, by starva-tion. Mrs. Hett had been living at 1883 Amsterdam avenue until she was taken to the hospital. Her only income had been a pension of \$6 a month. While she was in the hospital she was dispossessed, and the Bureau of Encumbrances took her furniture

away.

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onered the Cuticura remedies is their world-wide sale, due to the personal recommendations of those who have used them. From a small beginning in the simplest form, against prejudice and opposition, against monied hosts, countless rivals and trade indifference. Cuticura remedies have become the countless rivals and trade indifference. Cuticura remedies have become the greatest curatives of their time, and, in fact, of all time, for nowhere in the history of medicine is to be found another approaching them in popularity and sale. In every clime and with every people they have met with the same reception. The confines of the earth are the only limits to their growth. They have conquered the world.

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